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RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

Resolved, That this conference rejoices to learn that an effort is now being made to conclude a treaty of arbitration between France and the United States and expresses the hope that the governments of Italy, Spain and other European countries will speedily follow this example.

Resolved, That pending the conclusion of treaties of arbitration, the conference advises the insertion of arbitration clauses in commercial and other treaties.

Resolved, That the members of the conference, on their part, pledge themselves to exert their individual and collective influence in their respective countries, both in and out of Parliament, to give practical effect to the views and principles set forth in the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That, as closer relations between the members of various parliaments would make for peace, the conference recommends the appointment of a parliamentary committee for each country, with a view to the interchange of ideas and the consideration of disputes as they may arise.

Resolved, That this reunion shall be continued yearly in one of the various capitals, the next conference to be held at Rome.

Resolved, That a committee of thirty, composed of members of each nationality, be elected to prepare the next conference and take whatever steps they may consider advisable to carry out the foregoing programme.

The office of general secretary was also created, such officer to be a member of the Interparliamentary Congress; to be centrally located so that communications from various countries may be addressed to him, and whose duty it shall be to repair some time in advance to the city of the next meeting, in order to make preparations for the same.

AN UNFRIENDLY TARIFF.

A London dispatch dated June 9 says:

"In the House of Commons Charles Vincent, member for Central Sheffield, called the attention of the House to the fact that the House of Representatives at Washington had passed a bill providing for enhanced prohibitory duties, cutlery, tin plates, iron hoops and other articles of British export. He asked whether the British Government, having regard for the disastrous effect which the Senate's approval must have upon Sheffield, the Midlands, South Wales and Belfast, would adhere to their views that the free import system of the United Kingdom precluded an instruction to the British Minister at Washington to represent to the United States Government the injury that such legislation would do the industry of a friendly Power which in 1889 gave a free market to £95,000,000 worth of competing American goods.

"Sir James Fergusson, Under Foreign Secretary, said the Government had not received a copy of the bill, and had not been informed of any important alterations therein."

—Hard-working women often find themselves growing irritable and nervous, and even troubled with religious doubts, in spite of their fervent prayers. They may need tonics or moral discipline. They do need friction with unfamiliar minds, new ideas, novel scenes, and less work and care.

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

Sunday Evening, June 29. A pleasant little farewell meeting with the pastor and brethren of the church at my home in Arlington, Mass. I spoke of plans, prospects and hopes in connection with my coming trip to Europe and the London meetings which I am to attend. Prayer was offered for the meetings and for myself.

Monday, June 30. Said good-by to family and home and Boston office and went by the Fall River steamer to New York in company with my friend and former neighbor, Rev. C. B. Smith, who goes to London with me as a delegate to the Universal Peace Congress.

Tuesday, July 1. A quiet, restful night on the Sound was a needed preparation for a hot day in bustling New York. We were on board our steamer—*Nevada* of the Guion line—an hour before the sailing at 3 P. M. A few kind friends from a former parish in the neighborhood came to see us off. Every room and berth are occupied. It was a genuine relief when the cool breeze from the ocean fanned our faces as we steamed past the Battery and saluted the statue of Liberty with which the French have adorned our chief seaport. It seems like a right hand of international fellowship stretched three thousand miles across the sea. The pilot took back our adieus long before we had passed the buoys that mark the channel and while we were in sight of the Long Island shore.

July 2-10. A sea voyage is too frequently taken and too monotonous to require description. Ours was prolonged, but the weather was fine and the sea not boisterous throughout the trip. Only a few hours of fog or rain, only a few days when the "racks" were placed on the table to hold the dishes that tend to slide about when the sea grows rough.

On Sunday we had religious services in the crowded dining saloon, it falling to my lot to read the Episcopal ritual and make a brief address. The six officers of the Salvation Army held services after dinner each day which were largely attended by all on board. On the last evening there was a union prayer-meeting. Familiar hymns were sung and brief addresses made by many. Five priests of the Catholic Church were among our agreeable fellow passengers. They held a service on Sunday in the steerage. There was much singing and piano playing, all culminating in a concert and a collection for the Liverpool Home for old sailors. Our Capt. Cushing's father was a Maine skipper born in Phippsburg and sailing many years from Bath. Reading, writing, walking, eating, conversing, playing quoits or shuttlecock in pleasant weather are our chief employments, varied by some with card playing, smoking, flirting, etc., according to tastes and opportunities.

But what a *Cosmos* is an Atlantic steamer. On one side of me at table sits an "Orthodox" minister from Massachusetts. On the other a gentleman of South Carolina who is a Jew in religion. Opposite are some benevolent people who call themselves "liberal" in religious tenets. Then there is the learned Professor from a New England college and the genial Confederate colonel from the South. Two blind girls from Norwood royal institution near London are returning to teach at home after completing their normal training at Framingham, Mass. There seem to be many in each class of passengers who having tried the West, go back home more or less reluctantly. Ill health, failure of employment, experimenting youthfulness and dependent old age are among the causes

of the retrogression. Such are not over cheerful, except as they hope to be welcomed by friends at their former homes. Steamers and ships with sails pass us now and then. Mother Carey's chickens and the graceful sea gulls are seldom absent. The occasional schools of porpoises are exciting incidents, and now and then an iceberg is announced only to prove to be a distant sail. A Russian Professor of pathology from Tiflis with his good wife from Kief, both now Philadelphians; "Joe," the Turk from Cæsarea, really an Armenian converted to Protestantism by the Salvation Army in San Francisco, who plays a cornet and sings many Salvation songs; two or three Mormon gentlemen on their way to Paris to study to be artists, striving mildly to make converts and defending polygamy with apparent sincerity; scores of little children in all stages of cleanliness; a ship's company of over one hundred attentive to duty;—surely travel mingles all nationalities and all imagined characters!

Friday, July 11. The welcome sight of land greeted us in the early morning and at 6.30 P.M. we met the "tender" from Queenstown, which takes off the passengers for Ireland and the mails for the world. The latter are sent to Dublin by express train and to Holyhead by a swift steamer and to London by the "Irish Mail," the swiftest train in Great Britain. We have received newspapers, sent off letters and telegrams for America and then settled down to eighteen or more hours on the uneasy sea. But the highlands of Wales, the passing vessels and the busy preparations for landing, to say nothing of good-bys, some of them made tender by ten days' association together, busily occupy the time.

Saturday, July 12. We landed from our "tender" after many delays in a pouring rain, saw our baggage through the custom-house with little delay and were off for our hotel and railway station, rejoicing in the firm earth again beneath our feet. My companion and myself decided to run out to ancient Chester for the Sabbath and to complete our journey Monday. After a stroll and a "tram" ride in Liverpool and an hour upon the train, we found rest at the Grosvenor Hotel near the Cathedral where twice before I had been domiciled.

July 14-19. In the Congress. At the morning prayer-meetings but two days. My host lives in London, but seven miles away from the hall of meeting and I must start early not to be late. Duties in the "Bureau" occupied me somewhat and our English friends exhaustively during the hours when the Congress was not in session. Thursday's public reception by Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs, Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London in Egyptian Hall, famous for similar gatherings, consisted of a lunch, somewhat formal addresses, pleasant introductions, etc. The frankness with which the Mayor spoke of his position as evidence that Jews were esteemed in England as they were not in some other countries won our sympathies and gave emphasis in a new direction to our ideas of human brotherhood. The responses from various nations were brief and happy. The excursion to Windsor Castle Saturday was every way delightful.

The banquet at the Liberal Club given by Mr. Passmore Edwards to some fifty of the foreign delegation and the Saturday evening banquet at the Holborn Restaurant by the English friends were in every way enjoyable and remunerative. The so called *conversazione* on Monday, the first evening of the Congress, furnished a most convenient opportunity for introductions. I was glad to meet Mrs. Chant, also the editor of the *Contemporary Review* as well

as to see the faces from both England and the Continent made familiar by the Paris Congress. I enjoyed also the quiet little dinner parties at Mr. W. Hazel's, Treasurer of the Peace Society, and at Mrs. Henry Richard's, wife of the former honored Secretary. I sincerely regretted not to be able to accept the kind invitation of Sir Joseph Pease for a similar occasion. He seemed to me to be a worthy occupant of the chair as President of the first and strongest Peace Society of the world.

Sunday, July 20. Worshipped in the morning at the beautiful and spacious Congregational Church at Stamford Hill, London, and listened to a peace sermon of moving eloquence by the pastor Rev. Mr. Gibbons. How uplifting the entire service of song, prayer and preaching! It was the sermon postponed from the previous Thursday evening, when together with my excellent host, Rev. P. Husband Davies, and Rev. W. E. Darby, I aided in a spirited Peace meeting somewhat thinned by a most remarkable outpour of rain. At 6 P. M. by previous appointment, I preached at the New Tabernacle, Shore-ditch, of which Mr. Davies is pastor. The weather was fine and the congregations, especially at Stamford Hill, to listen to the third of the Peace Congress sermons, were large. Dr. Reuben Thomas preached a very able sermon at City Temple on the evening of the 16th, Mr. Davies and myself assisting at that service at which a collection was taken for the expenses of the Congress.

Wednesday, July 23. A few miles from the crowded, bustling centre of great London, and in sight of the oval roof of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, we attended by invitation at 5 P.M. a "tea," served in the rear of a beautiful house, whose windows opened upon a green lawn surrounded by brilliant flowers, with a view of a nobly shaded park beyond.

Our hostess would not like to see her name in print, and the absolute privacy of the occasion and the unreported conversations constituted its charm. Her manner was as cordial as if she had always known us. Her neighbors aided in spreading the tables with buttered graham and white bread, cut in thin slices, various cakes from the baker's, fresh strawberries and sweetened cream, great, ripe gooseberries from the garden, and plenty of tea kept hot by the universally used "cosie." In our little company were several persons especially distinguished for devotion to the cause of Peace, two members of Parliament who are special advocates of freeing the land so that the people in general may enjoy its ownership and occupancy. Then there was the colored wife of an English consul from Sierra Leone in Africa, also the wife of an Armenian Protestant pastor from Erzurum in Turkey, a gentleman and his daughter from the society of Friends. A circle was formed on the green by chairs, and conversation went on with delightful freedom as to the topics in which those present were most deeply interested. No resolutions were passed, no votes were taken. Little mere gossip was indulged in. Personal acquaintance was formed around the tables, and strolling on the green, and when the circle was formed the conversation was not engrossed by a few. Discussions followed without formal arguments and with absolute friendliness, notwithstanding the most radical differences of opinion. Thus we learned from each other, and saw ideas and persons from various points of view. We gained something if we contributed nothing, and went away content with a happy hour not given to nothingness.

Thursday, July 24. Fine weather is emphasized this season in England by its rarity. No day with a north-west breeze, a blue sky and floating white clouds could have been more lovely and inspiring than this at Watford, Hertfordshire, twenty miles northwest of London. As all home friends are so far away, I will try to take them for a two hours drive with me by the use of my pen.

It was 11 A. M. when our blue-coated coachman with his magnificent horse and landau with open top drove up to the house of my hospitable host, Rev. Mr. Darby, "The Roans," Essex Road. Our party was enlivened by the gay prattle of two little English children, whose mother was present and also a young lady sister and a friend from Natal, South Africa.

We first entered by a beautiful old gateway on the border of the town, Cassiobury Park, the residence of the venerable Earl of Essex, who kindly opens his ancestral acres with their noble avenues of ancient trees, fine roads, flowing river and vistas of green fields to the public. He lives in a mansion picturesque and venerable, but lacking magnificence. The tree-shaded avenues are so arranged as to write on the green turf an immense "S" and an equally great "X" so as to be easily read from the front of the mansion. Scores of deer were peacefully feeding, keeping their ears and tails in perpetual motion. Noble herds of cattle, flocks of peaceful sheep, rabbit warrens with their shy inhabitants, ducks, geese and other waterfowl peopling the ponds, are about us as we slowly drive a mile across this one domain. A waterfall and an old mill appear on our right, and everywhere the inexpressible green and the ever fresh looking flowers made possible in July and August, by the frequent showers. It is as un-American a scene as one can imagine. Centuries of cultivation and unbroken land tenure are next to perpetual moisture the conditions of its peculiarity. The old Earl (80) is said to be poor in everything but land. The people are allowed to pasture the park for pay, but can buy no title to an acre of its unpeopled expanse. They live in the town of Watford or huddled together in small villages around where the houses crowd the narrow streets.

After passing the farther gate, opened by the gatekeeper's wife, we skirt the equally large but less cultivated estate of Lord Clarendon for miles. We then cross Hunton bridge and passing the little village of that name with its great stone church and the little huddle of shops and houses, we are driving along country "lanes," which here are well worn narrow roads with hedges rising at times so as to hide the adjacent fields. A railway's course is marked by occasional round ventilating towers from the top of which the smoke shows the passing of trains.

I never saw richer fields of wheat, barley and oats on our best prairies. The pebbly soil is so enriched that it yields wonderful crops. The poppies are beautiful but troublesome to the farmer. Much of the hay is put in stacks just being reared. Potatoes and the smaller roots abound. Red Clover is abundant and only partially harvested. The houses of the farmers and the cottages of laborers are as far apart in style and appointments as the mansions of the nobility are from the former. There is little intercourse of a social kind between classes. But "politics" are making "bedfellows" in England. The nobility and the commercial classes are compelled to respect the political power which increased and increasing suffrage places in the hands of workingmen.

Sunday, July 27. Preached morning and evening at

the Wesleyan Chapel, Watford, the pastor of which was in Bristol at the annual Conference. John Wesley would hardly recognize as "Wesleyan," the elegant and spacious edifice, the well-to-do congregation with manners as undemonstrative as their more churchly neighbors. A relic of ancient prejudice remains, as I was told, to written and read sermons. Objections traditional, emotional and scriptural are not wanting. I tried both—both the reading and the speaking ways of preaching. The people seemed to much prefer the latter. It is the sermon that does its work of moral and spiritual benefit that is good. I cannot sympathize with the emphasis placed by some persons upon the mere form of utterance.

Tuesday, July 29. A pleasant call on the well-known Quaker banker and philanthropist John Taylor, who was Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society which gave much substantial aid to the American Freedmen when in their deepest poverty and distress. He showed me the records of that Society now of historic value. Lord Shaftsbury was its President.

Wednesday, July 30. A little delay at Rugby called to mind its noble school, Dr. Arnold and his gifted family. Four hours at Coventry gave ample time to visit the ancient St. Michael's church and St. Mary's hall opposite. The evening and night were spent at the delightful home of Mr. Howard Lloyd, Cannon hill, two miles from Birmingham railway station. The Medical Association of Great Britain were in session and were given a banquet by the Mayor of Birmingham. John Taylor came down from London and presented the subject of temperance to the Doctors as he has done at every session for many years.

Thursday, July 31. By a mistake of the "booking clerk" at the station I was left a few hours in the railway town of Crewe, less than forty years old and of rapid growth in population and the business created by the Northwestern Railway, one of the greatest corporations in England. Great masses of workingmen, small brick houses in blocks, abundant beer and wine shops and chapels. That is about all I found interesting. An hour in ancient Shrewsbury is quite otherwise. Old inns, narrow, crooked streets, queer little shops, churches, castle, etc., always make the time seem too brief. This was my fourth flying visit. At 7.30 P. M., the train stopped at Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, Central Wales, where I enjoyed such a delightful season of rest after the Paris Congress of 1889. Nothing seemed changed. The crowds of sojourners at the station, the exhilarating air, the smooth, green hills, the beautiful intervals of the river Ithon, the irregular, oddly placed hotels and residences, the ever peopled park by the springs of chalybeate, sulphur and saline; the neat little hotel kept by Mrs. Villiers, wife of an artist from Newport, a neighboring city; all seemed just as if I had not crossed the ocean at all! A concert by Mr. Thomas' well trained band of Welsh children closes the day that seems so idle and so long after the hurry and bustle of London.

Friday, August 1. Most people lament the rain today, but it gives time to rest, read and write, drink the waters and visit the farm of Mr. Owens by the little old church on the hill, where I spent some pleasant hours last year.

Saturday, August 2. Rise at 5.30 A. M. Take six glasses of hot saline before the clean, nicely cooked, appetizing Park House breakfast at nine o'clock. Go with the multitude on alternate mornings into the chapels for

Welsh and English prayers and hymns. Take a glass of chalybeate and a longer walk in the fresh air and sweet sunshine. Take dinner at 2 p. m., and then a ride or drive along the smooth roads or out into some of the many byways. I have tea at the new and beautiful cottage of Dr. Evans of New College, London, meeting there for the first time Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker of London.

Sunday, August 3. The water runs Sunday and I do not follow Samuel Davies' custom and let it rest, but drink as usual. Mr. D. is here for the fiftieth visit and is justly regarded as "The King." He is an enthusiast in the Welsh Bible and hymns, and an earnest "Calvinistic Methodist," which all explain to mean "Presbyterian!" At 10.30 the Congregational chapel, as well as the "church" and two other "chapels," are well filled. By invitation of the young and efficient pastor, I preach and assist at the communion service. The latter was said to have been omitted for some years by the scattered congregation which is very small when the visitors go home. At evening, I took part in the Baptist chapel service by invitation of Pastor Jones. Dr. Roberts (Baptist) preached an excellent sermon. It has been to me a most delightful day physically, socially, spiritually. The feeling of lassitude departs; to eat is pleasure; there is a kind of glory in and on all nature and on the kind Welsh faces of Christian friends.

Monday, August 4. A stroll to the top of the highest hill with a sympathetic companion, to whom the views, the flowers, the farms, as well as books mutually familiar, contrasts of the dialect and the scenery of the old and new world and all kinds of social topics are welcome, occupies the entire morning. At 5 p. m., some thirty ministers of all denominations gather for a free conference with Dr. Parker on the subject of their work. Dr. Parker honored his calling in fitting words and by striking illustrations and appropriate arguments enforced his high ideal. Many others spoke briefly. In answer to a question by one underpaid pastor (\$225 a year) how to obtain books, Dr. Evans, who presided, proposed to contribute a handsome sum, which with others might constitute a fund from which pastors who needed such help in Wales could draw in accordance with rules to be adopted by themselves. This was a new thing for Wales and was received with intense interest, and measures were at once taken to carry out the plan.

Tuesday, August 5. A pleasant drive with Dr. and Mrs. Parker to the neighboring hamlet of Penn Y. Bont (or Pennibont) where I was glad to call on a good old Quaker lady whose acquaintance I made in 1889, and to find that she had not forgotten me. At 3.15 p. m. some friends accompanied me to the station and at 9.40 I reached Liverpool with no untoward incident.

Wednesday, August 6. A rainy morning was succeeded by a noonday sun which lighted up a busy scene of embarkation at the docks. The *Teutonic* sails at the same hour 1.30 p. m. as our great ship of 10,500 tons, *The City of New York*. My nephew, Otis McGaw Howard, who had been an efficient helper at the Congress and since made a brief tour in Scotland, met me at the dock. His companion, Mr. Weedon, and himself kindly helped me with necessary copying of matter to be mailed at Queenstown. My room intended for four is left to me alone. It is spacious, neat, convenient and well lighted beyond any I have ever had. There is no crowding anywhere on the great ship.

Thursday, August 7. The day had not fully dawned when we anchored in a bay as lovely as that of Naples, beside the little picturesque city named for the Queen. The Irish venders of knick-knacks are soon alongside. Many passengers go ashore till 1 p. m. on the tender while we wait for the mails which hurrying down from all points are compressed into the steamer to be expanded and fly in all directions at New York. The memory of the dear friend who landed here last year on the 20th of May, and enjoyed with me the solid ground, the yellow blossomed gorse, the jolly brogue, the jaunting car, the flowering hedges, the emerald fields, the islanded hill-crowned harbor, was to-day exceedingly sad, sweet and tender. Just before Christmas he landed on that other and still more surprisingly lovely shore.

O sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

Friend of boyhood, manhood and riper years! I did not think ever thus to sing of thee.

O thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands.

I weep a loss forever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

August 7-13. How brief, how swift, this long flight. Nearly 500 miles in 24 hours! About 20 miles an hour! How silently and undemonstratively it is done. We learned from the newspapers of New York that we ran a race with the swift, new White Star Line steamer *Teutonic*. But I never heard it thus spoken of on our steamer. Our rival was in sight two days and then disappeared to reappear at her New York dock some three hours before we arrived. The trip was even more monotonous than usual. Sunday was unbroken except by the Church of England service read by the captain and some hymns sung in the ladies' saloon. An occasional shaking by the engine; the unchanging water whirl of the screw; one day a slight roll; unsteady feet and a light head; more ability to sleep than to think, and before we get settled in our ocean life we are on shore!

Wednesday, August 13. When I went on deck at seven o'clock the welcome sight of land greeted me and soon we were at the Light ship and a few miles more the health officer from the Sandy Hook Station came alongside in a "tender" and clambered aboard. Our purser tells him there are 280 in the first cabin, 173 in the second, 408 in the steerage and 400 attached to the ship, 1261 persons in all. Enough to make quite a town! There are no cases of contagious disease. We sail along the shore of beautiful Staten Island a little way and another steam tug puffs and paddles alongside, brings letters and papers and the custom officers. We all arrange ourselves in the dining saloon and in turn make and sign and take oath to our declarations as to what our trunks contain. This is a much dreaded, wearisome but necessary process. By nine o'clock we are at our dock and in an hour have ourselves and baggage on the covered wharf, with trunks unlocked and uncorded and placed under the initial letters of our names. Our declaration is then examined and we follow the officer who refers to it as a voucher and show

him our *impedimenta* which he hastily and apologetically examines and we are free. People hurry away to city homes, to railway stations and steamers or hotels. By noon I was indulging in eating what England does not afford, namely, sweet corn on the cob, apple-pie, doughnuts and other things more or less digestible. "No peaches this year!" That is sad for both producer, trader and consumer. The Government steamer leaves for Governor's Island just as I step off the "Belt" line of horse cars which kindly lift one above the roughly paved and filthy street, often "blocked" by the immense traffic. Next to home is the dear household at the headquarters of the U. S. Army, whose hospitable door has swung open to my wandering feet for so many, many years, and at places so far apart in our beloved land. The papers said much of our being beaten in a race with the *Teutonic* which arrived a few hours before we did. But I knew of no "race."

Thursday, August 14. The atmosphere hotter and dryer than that of England or the Atlantic tells upon us at first. Then the utter immovability of the bed, the splash of paddles outside, the shriek of "whistles," as well as the buzz and bite of the recently hatched and hungry mosquitoes, do not invite sleep. But nothing can disturb the calm and thankful frame of a mind filled with visions of home and love. Two hours this afternoon I visited a few former parishioners not far from the city and at 6.15 p. m. embarked for Boston on one of the unsurpassed steamers of the Fall River Line. Why should not the channel between Paris and London be navigated by vessels equally comfortable and elegant? It is not.

Friday, August 15. Accumulated correspondence makes a busy day at the office. But at 4 p. m. there is time for a pleasant and tender farewell missionary meeting in the room above. One of a large family connection of missionaries goes out from North Carolina with his wife to Japan on this his twenty-seventh birthday. He spoke of his mother's birthday letter expressing her joy that he could enter on a work to some form of which he had been consecrated before his birth.

At evening a small circle reduced by the summer vacations met as usual with me at my home church for prayer, made more earnest and tender by the recent bereavement of our pastor whose student brother closed a most promising life by accidental drowning a few days before.

Out on the streets of Boston were crowds of veteran soldiers who had in a 40,000 procession the day but one before packed the city with sightseers and sympathizers with the Grand Army of the Republic. More than thirty years since the war! Germany once suffered for the same period by a war! But what hath peace wrought! Forty-four States; 60,000,000 of a united people; every political, commercial, agricultural, educational and spiritual interest marvellously prospered! Surely "*The peace of 1865*" is the grandest sentiment that can be spoken or honored among us! But what an immense army of aged men! Gnawed by the tooth of time, legless, armless, scarred; their faces generally bear marks of thoughtfulness and even sadness scarcely in keeping with the somewhat uproarious mirth of their reception, expressed in the gayest of decorations, the gladdest music, the most joyous of acclamations.

While the American Peace Society never declared, as mistakenly reported in a sermon preached before Grand Army Posts in Buffalo, N. Y., and Somerville, Mass., that "veterans should dress in mourning," it often seems to me that their faces reflect my own feeling, as I hear

again the sounds and behold the sights that recall the passions, the utterances, the sufferings, and the sin of the battlefield. General Grant in Europe once declined to witness a military parade and gave a reason similar to this.

Preachers and orators are often put to it in times of political and martial quietness for objects at which to aim fierce and denunciatory words. In such a case they sometimes set up a straw man and knock him down. Possibly a Peace Society may thus serve a temporary purpose! Indeed this whole matter of war as a reminiscence, or battles on sea or land as "shams" or stage plays, may be justifiable from a military point of view, but really they are ridiculous, and morally they are objectionable. One can but feel how interesting to the actors of thirty years ago are the associations and events of their youth. It is always so with old men. But there are scenes and experiences in most lives, civil or military, which a tender regard for youthful and impressible minds would teach us to leave unrecounted.

DEATH AS AN EVIDENCE OF VALOR.

The military committee of the United States House of Representatives in a recent report on the battle of Chickamauga claim supereminence in loss of life for that battle. Here are some of their bloody "evidences:"

"Wellington lost 12 per cent. at Waterloo; Napoleon 14½ per cent. at Austerlitz and 14 per cent. at Marengo. The average loss of both armies at Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, was less than nine per cent. At Koniggratz, in 1866, it was six per cent. At Worth, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan, in 1870, the average loss was 12 per cent. The marvel of German fighting in the Franco-Prussian war was by the Third Westphalian Infantry at Mars-la-Tour. It took 3000 men into action and lost 49.4 per cent. Next to this record was that of the Garde-Schutzen Battalion, 1000 strong, at Metz, which lost 46.1 per cent. There were several brigades on each side at Chickamauga, and very many regiments, whose losses exceeded these figures for Mars-la-Tour and Metz. The average losses on each side for the troops which fought through the two days were fully 33 per cent., while for many portions of each line the losses reached 50 per cent., and for some even 75 per cent."

REDUCTION OF EUROPEAN ARMAMENTS.

The best thing we have ever seen recorded of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., of England, is that in 1816 he submitted a proposal to the Governments of Austria and Russia for the mutual reduction of armaments. He suggested that an international Conference of military men should be assembled, with full powers to determine a fixed ratio of troops to be maintained, on a peace footing, by each State. The Russian Government welcomed this proposal, and expressed its desire that such a gathering should be held. No better time than now ever existed for such a proposition, but instead of military men, why not have statesmen and taxpayers?—*Christian Arbitrator*.

—Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.